

Meet Bakasura, the cat so black,
With tiny white patches on his back.
His paws like socks, so snug and neat,
Prancing around with his fancy feet.

A playful sprite in endless quest,
For things to chase and toys to test.
Always hungry, that's his theme,
His dreams of food, a constant stream.

His cat siblings' meals, he eyes with glee,
And gobbles them up so merrily.
A voracious eater, oh so true,
There's never enough to fill his mew.

Yet, after feasting, he'll cosily snuggle,
With a loud purr and a tender nuzzle.
Affectionate Bakasura, full of charm,
He wins our hearts without alarm.

In his presence, joy does bloom,
Turning any day away from gloom.
For though his appetite knows no end,
He's not just a kitty, but our dear friend.

So here's a toast to Bakasura, our delight,
A bundle of mischief and affection so bright!